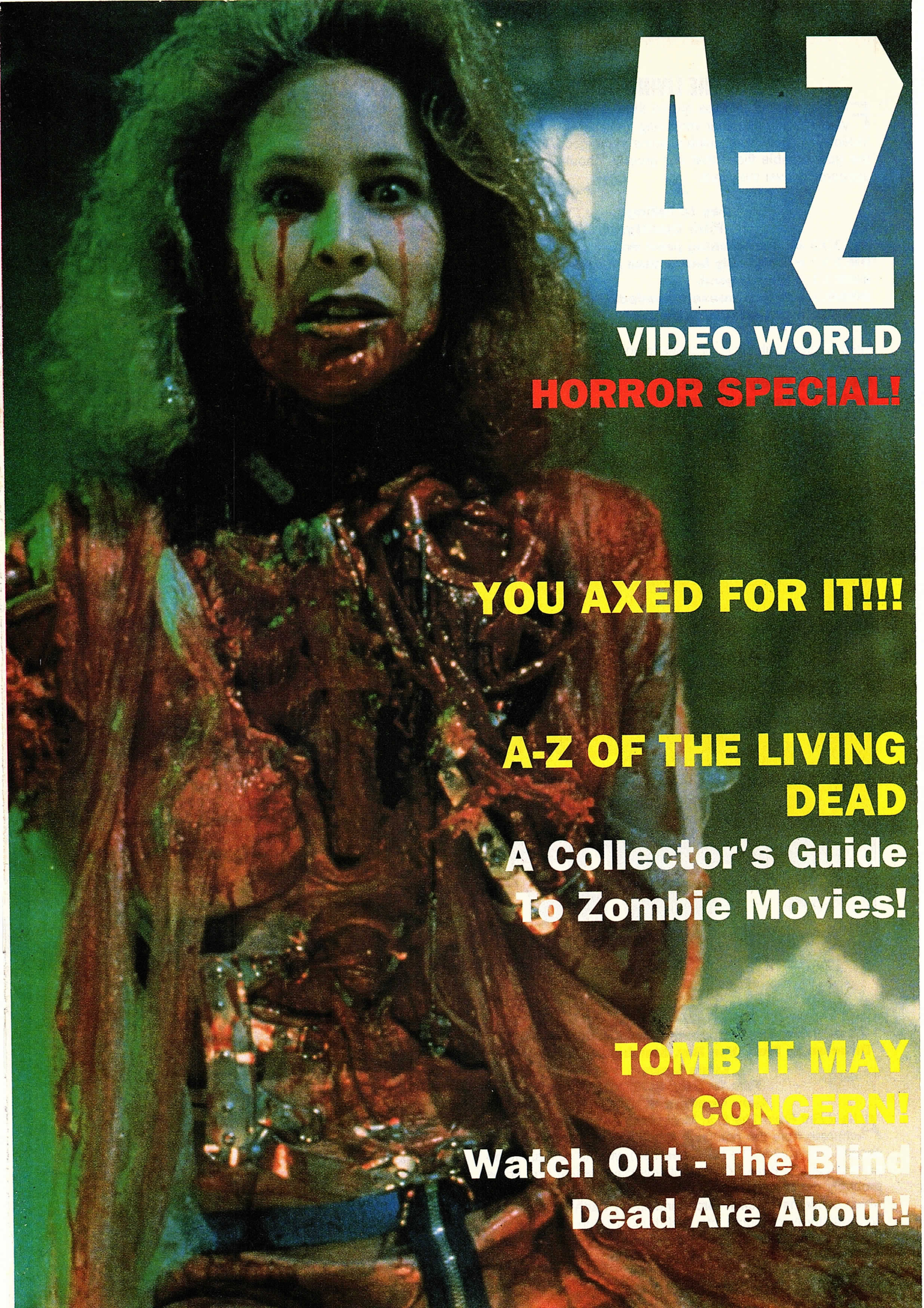


A-Z

VIDEO WORLD

HORROR SPECIAL!

YOU AXED FOR IT!!!

A-Z OF THE LIVING DEAD

A Collector's Guide To Zombie Movies!

TOMB IT MAY CONCERN!

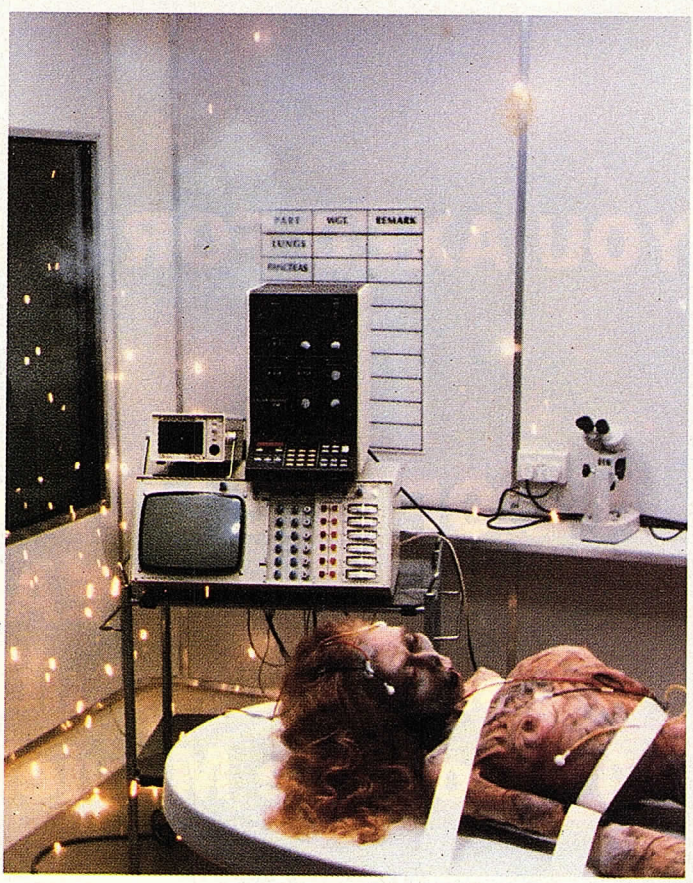
Watch Out - The Blind Dead Are About!

A-Z OF THE LIVING DEAD!

Flesh-chomping zombies are on the prowl, kiddies! So grab your shotgun and your vomit bag and join Allan Bryce for a Video World collectors' guide to some of the good, the bad and the gory zombie flicks that our greedy "ghoul-friends" have appeared in over the years.

Key to ratings.
Film Quality:
●○○○○ = Like watching paint dry.
●●○○○ = Marginally better than *Neighbours*
●●●○○ = Bloody good.
●●●●○ = Brown trousers needed.
●●●●● = Gut-crunching classic!

Gore Content (relates in all cases to uncut version)
●○○○○ = Joke shop stuff.
●●○○○ = Mildly pathetic.
●●●○○ = Feeling queasy!
●●●●○ = Vomit bags at the ready!
●●●●● = Bleccchhhh!



ALIEN DEAD, THE

73 minutes. Firebird International. America. 1979.
Directed by Fred Olen Ray. Starring Buster Crabbe, Linda Lewis.
Film Quality: ●○○○○
Gore Content: ●○○○○

Aka *It Fell From The Sky*. Most of the budget of this $5,000 cheapie from the notorious Fred Olen Ray (it was Fred's second movie after *The Brain Leeches*) went to its star, veteran matinee idol Buster Crabbe. It was Buster's last film, so he probably deserved it. Fred himself wrote the dreadful script, which concerns an alien force landing on Earth via meteorite and transforming people into flesh-hungry living dead. Shot in Florida, it has a fair amount of amateur-night gore, including a memorable sequence where a woman is skewered on a three-tined pitchfork - and four prongs burst out her back! Trivia buffs might like to note that the characters are named after Roger Corman associates (Sheriff Kowalski etc.) If you enjoyed *Zombie Lake* you might just be able to sit through this. Others should stay well clear.

BEYOND, THE

90 minutes (cut to 86 in UK). Fulvia Film. Italy. 1981. Released on video in the UK by Videomedia. Re-released in cut form by VIPCO.
Directed by Lucio Fulci. Starring Katherine MacColl, David Warbeck, Sarah Keller.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●●●

One of the best of Fulci's gore epics, this stylish shocker has the much-put-upon MacColl inheriting a rundown hotel in Louisiana which happens to stand on one of the gateways to hell itself - I wonder who did their survey? According to an ancient prophecy, the dead will one day shuffle forth between its portals and raise a little hell of their own. In the meantime, our terrified heroine has to contend with an attack of ferocious, flesh-stripping pipe-cleaner spiders, throat-chewing devil hounds, and various other gruelling horrors provided by the make-up mastery of Giannetto de Rossi. Extremely gruesome in places - in one scene a little girl has her head blown apart in close-up! - this is a fascinating, highly atmospheric movie which is only slightly spoiled by the ambiguous, fashionably bleak climax.

BLOODEATERS, THE

84 minutes. C.M. Productions. USA. 1980.
Previously available as *Forest Of Fear* from Monte Video.
Directed by Chuck McCrann. Starring John Amplas, Charles Austin.
Film Quality: ●●○○○
Gore Content:●●●○○



A moderately effective low budget gore movie shot on 16mm in George Romero's native Pittsburgh and starring Romero regular John (*Martin*) Amplas in the role of a very young pot-headed crook who turns into a flesh-eating zombie when sprayed with an experimental herbicide designed to wipe out marijuana crops. From there on its gore galore as Amplas and his terminally stoned hippy pals stumble through the woods chopping up innocent bystanders with machetes. The effects are excellent considering the poverty of the budget, but a boring sub-plot about double-dealing FBI agents detracts from the film's entertainment value.

BLOODSUCKERS FROM OUTER SPACE

85 minutes. Reel Movies International. America. 1985.
Directed by Glenn Coburn. Starring Thom Meyers, Laura Ellis, Dennis Letts.
Film Quality: ●○○○○
Gore Content: ●●○○○

A creepy cheapie made by Texas horror fans, this obscure entry tells of an airborne virus from outer space that transforms most of the inhabitants of a small Texas town into a motley group of bloodsucking zombies. As in *The Crazies,* the military want to nuke the entire area to hush the incident up, while a small bunch of survivors try to escape before the balloon goes up. Partly a parody of low-grade monster flicks and partly a serious effort to make an old-fashioned 50s-style shocker,

this is better than it has any right to be, given the non-existent budget. The zombies themselves wear thick green greasepaint and rip peoples arms off in the unconvincing gore scenes. Its best we don't mention the acting, especially that of sexy Samantha Walker, playing a busty bimbette who needs to take her top off to count to two...

BRAINDEAD

90 minutes. New Zealand. 1992.
Directed by Peter Jackson. Starring Tim Balme and Diana Penalver.
Available on video soon from Polygram.
Film Quality: ●●●●○
Gore Content: ●●●●○

Its refreshing to discover the BBFC have seen the joke with Peter (*Bad Taste*) Jacksons gory new movie and allowed it to pass unscathed through their forbidding portals. This outrageously bloody slice of *Monty Python*-style madness could very easily be the ultimate zombie movie. It has so many sensationally splattery FX and ingenious sight gags that you need to see it two or three times to pick up on them all. The barmy plot kicks off when mothers boy Tim Balme sneaks off to meet his girlfriend at the zoo, unaware he is being shadowed by his jealous mum. The old dear pays for her nosiness by being bitten by a Sumatran Rat Monkey, which gradually turns her into a rabid zombie with disgusting table manners. Our put-upon hero then has to care for mum and the various folk she has infected, until a greedy uncle comes to stay and sets in motion the infamous *Zombie Lawnmower Massacre!* Among the gobsmacking gore on offer is a scene where our hero splatters a goofy living dead baby against a swing with its head, and a bit where a zombie nurse is spoon-fed directly into her oesophagus. Elsewhere Jackson reveals himself to be a great director of action sequences in the battle between a Kung-Fu priest and a horde of hoodlum zombies. Beautifully acted and fearsomely funny throughout, this is easily Jacksons best movie to date, and a bona-fide zombie classic.



BRIDE OF RE-ANIMATOR

99 minutes. Wildstreet Pictures. America 1990.
Directed by Brian Yuzna. Starring Bruce Abbott, Claude Earl Jones, Kathleen Kinmont.
Available on video from Medusa.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●○○

Released in the UK as *Re-Animator II*, this inferior tongue-in-cheek sequel to the earlier Stuart Gordon hit finds Herbert West (Jeffrey Combs) back with his reluctant partner Dan, working at a hospital during the day and experimenting with stolen body parts at night. They decide to create a new life out of these parts, building around the heart of Dan's deceased girlfriend from the previous movie, but its back to the drawing board when the fiendish severed head of Dr. Hill (David Gale) takes over a few zombie stragglers and returns to plague them. More in the spirit of Mary Shelley than H.P. Lovecraft, this is quite well done of its kind and features some memorably crazy special effects - there's a fun scene involving a crawling eyeball attached to two fingers. But Yuzna doesn't have the filmmaking skill of Stuart Gordon, and the script substitutes feeble slapstick for the hard-edged black comedy of the original. We still hold out high hopes for RE-ANIMATOR 3, though...



CHILDREN, THE

89 minutes. World Northal. America. 1980.
Directed by Max Kalmanowicz. Starring Martin Shakar, Gale Garnett, Gil Rogers.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●○○

Another of those movies where the zombies are created through exposure to radioactivity, the wrinkle here being that the zoms are a busload of school children. On their way home one day these obnoxious kids happen to be travelling past a nuclear plant when a cloud of fallout dust drifts out of the place. Thereafter its zombie city: their fingernails turn black and they can kill with just a touch - turning their victims into messy human barbecue. The only way they can be killed is by chopping their hands off at the wrist, which the local sheriff dutifully does. A few decent gore scenes don't compensate for the paucity of entertainment value in the film as a whole. The kids try to look menacing, but its a losing battle. I've seen scarier pans on the cooker. Trivia buffs might like to note that star Gale Garnett was the author and singer of the hippiesque ballad,
Well Sing In The Sunshine.



CHOPPER CHICKS IN ZOMBIETOWN

84 minutes. Troma/Chelsea Partners. America. 1989.
Directed by Dan Hoskins. Starring Jami Rose, Catherine Carlen and Vicki Frederick.
Available on video from Simitar.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●○○

After years on the road, the Cycle Sluts biker club is teetering on the edge of collapse. Elder member Jewel (Vicki Frederick) is feeling the tug of guilt over the child she abandoned to her abusive hubby; young TC (Lycia Naff) is wondering how a life spent in jeans caked with road dust is going to help her achieve her career goal of rock producer, and leader Rox (Catherine Carlen) is suffering from the angst of being the only lesbian in the group. What it takes to bring the women back together is the escape of an army of flesh-munching zombies from a nearby abandoned mine. The Chopper Chicks join forces with a group of Uzi-toting blind orphans (this IS a Troma movie!) and a dwarf undertaker, and rediscover the rebel spirit that burns in the heart of every true, red-blooded cycle slut. Writer/director Hoskins (a USC graduate) spent ten years preparing this script - that's what Troma told us, anyway, and would they lie? - and plays it mainly for laughs, mixing in homages to Russ Meyer and George Romero. The effects are suitably gross - though a scene showing a zombie lady biting off a guys dick was trimmed at the editing stage.

CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD

93 minutes. Dania Film/International Cinematografica. Italy. 1980.
Available in the UK in a heavily cut version from VIPCO.
Directed by Lucio Fulci. Starring Christopher George, Janet Agren, Katherine MacColl.
Film Quality: ●●●●○
Gore Content: ●●●●●

Fulci ventures into H.P. Lovecraft territory with this grisly zombie splatterfest set in the remote and sinister community of Dunwich. When an evil priest commits suicide in the local cemetery, he unleashes a horde of zombies to terrorise the community. Among the choice sights on offer here are a sublimely disgusting scene in which a girl vomits up her own intestines, There are also a number of graphic and gory head-scrunchings, and the totally uncut version - which you won't find on sale in your local branch of Blockbuster Video - offers a boring scene where John Morghen (of *Cannibal Ferox* fame) gets a power drill shoved between his ears. Once again, Giannetto de Rossi is the make-up man to thank. The best bit is a suspenseful (if silly) sequence where Christopher George tries to rescue the buried-alive MacColl by swinging a pickaxe through her coffin. Once again it looks as if Lucio ran out of ideas by the end, and the climax is a disappointment,

CITY OF THE WALKING DEAD

92 minutes. Dialchi Film/Lotus Film International. Italian/Spanish. 1980.
Originally available in the UK as *Nightmare City.*
Directed by Umberto Lenzi. tarring Hugo Stiglitz, Laura Trotter.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●○○

The slam-bang opening of this typical Italian *Dawn Of The Dead* ripoff has a planeload of zombies touching down at an American airport and laying into the ground staff with machetes and axes. An onboard radiation leak - rather than the increasingly high price of air travel is the explanation for this anti-social behaviour. Now the *ghouls* need human blood to replace their own rapidly mutating plasma. After the creatures invade a TV station (a tribute to Romero?), hero Hugo Stiglitz takes flight with hius girlfriend Laura Trotter. But there's not really much urgency to the narrative, and a number of encounters with zombies are handled in a slapdash fashion by Lenzi, a former actor who was responsible for the gore-filled *Cannibal Ferox.* The final sequences are set in a fairground and carry a certain eeie feel. It all ends in a daft circular twist that makes you realise you're going to have to sit through the whole movie again. No thanks!

CREATURE OF THE WALKING DEAD

74 minutes. Alameda Films. Mexico. 1960.
Directed by Fernando Cortes. Starring Rock Madison, Katherine Victor, Bruno Ve Sota.
Film Quality: ●○○○○
Gore Content: ●○○○○

Is the word real, or thought essentially a true reflection or merely an illusion brought about by a mind separate from the ultimate reality? This is the question of man... If you can get your grey matter round that opening narration then you just might understand the rest of the plot of this paste-up Jerry Warren abomination. A mad doctor discovers he can retain his youth by extracting a fluid from young girls. He keeps young, but is hanged for being a nuisance! Years later his identical descendant digs him up and brings him back to life as a zombie. Obviously two movies joined together, this confused mess is padded out with long scenes showing American actors Ve Sota and Victor chatting away about things only remotely connected to the story.

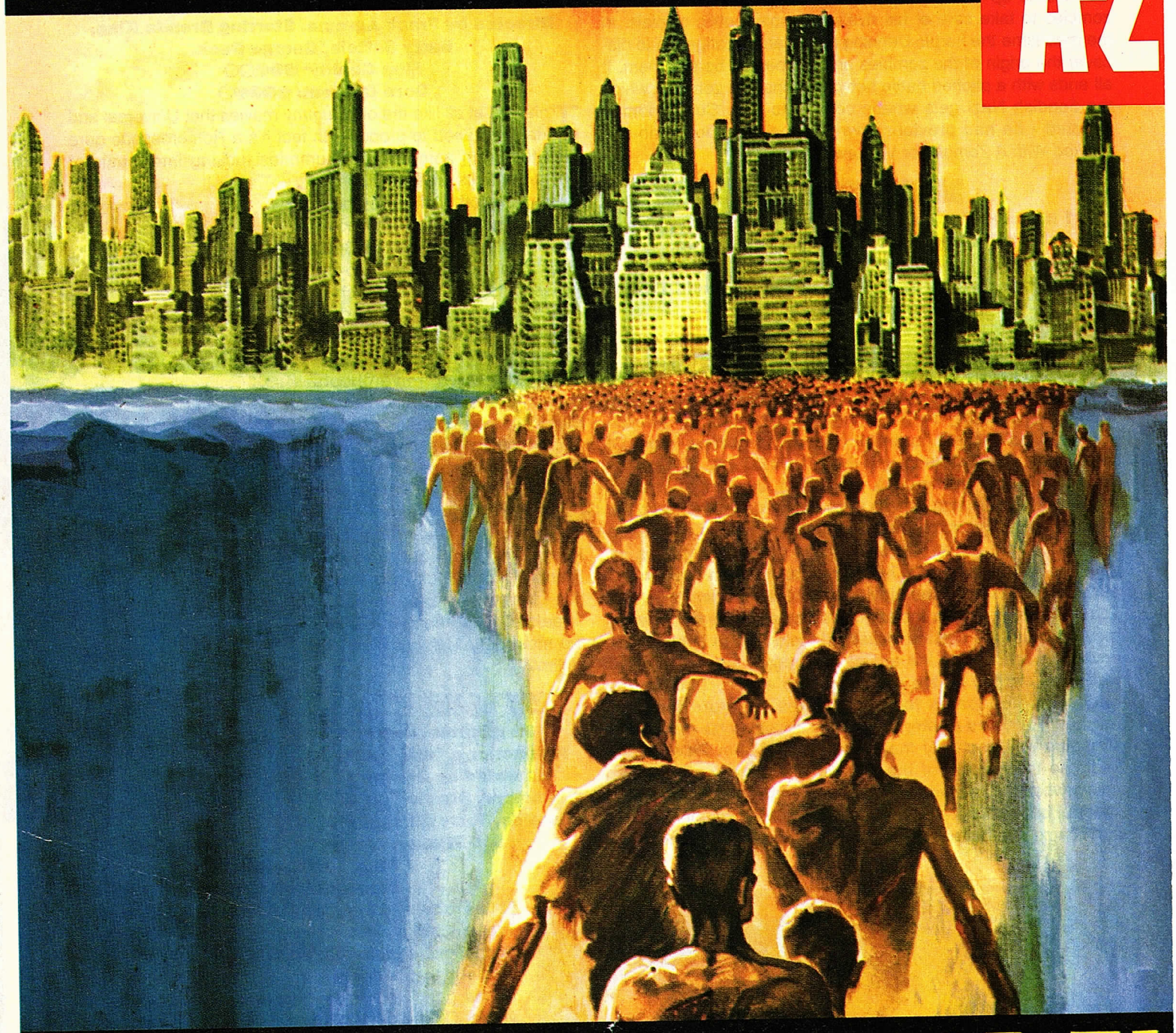
CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN

69 minutes. Clover/Columbia. America. 1955.
Directed by Edward L. Cahn. Starring Richard Denning, Angela Stevens, S. John Launer.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●○○○○

A film so bad that you've just gotta love it, this vintage Sam Katzman production tells the fast-moving tale of a Nazi mad scientist (Gregory Gay) who devises a method of remov-

el terror no ocupaba puest
preferente hasta que lleg

A-Z



NUEVA YORK BAJO EL TERROR DE LOS ZOMB

ZOMBI 2

IAN Mc CULLOCH · TISA FARROW · RICHARD JOHNSON · AL CLIVER
AURETTA GAY Y CON OLGA KARLATOS · FOTOGRAFIA DE SERGIO SALVATI
MUSICA DE FABIO FRIZZI Y GIORGIO TUCCI · PRODUCIDA POR UGO TUCCI Y FABRIZIO DE ANGELIS

ing peoples brains and replacing them with atomic energy, making them into nuclear-powered zombies. The zoms themselves are just normal-looking guys with stitches round their hairlines where their bonces have been sewn back together! Gay teams up with mobster Michael Granger, who uses the zombies to take care of his rivals and nosy public officials. In the meantime the heroic Denning heads an investigation to discover the origin of the zombies and the person behind them. It all ends with a pitched battle between cops and zoms, in which the fiendish Nazi gets what's coming to him. Curt Siodmak scripted - he had previously written the far more serious *I Walked With A Zombie* for Val Lewton.

DAWN OF THE DEAD

121 minutes. Laurel Group/Dawn Associates. USA. 95 minute version available in UK from Entertainment.
Directed by George A. Romero. Starring David Emge, Ken Foree, Gaylen Ross.
Film Quality: ●●●●●
Gore Content: ●●●●●

"When there's no more room in hell, the dead will walk the Earth..." If you're looking for the ultimate zombie film then look no further than Romero's ultra-violent, cartoonish sequel to his seminal horror hit of a decade earlier, Night Of The Living Dead. Taking up where NOTLD left off (only in colour instead of grainy black and white), the film plunges us into a world gone mad, where flesh-eating creatures roam the cities, forcing a group of four survivors to hole up in a deserted shopping mall. As our heroes rid the place of zombies by shooting them through the head or stabbing them through the ear with screwdrivers, the movie celebrates the sheer exhilaration of mass murder in the same way as all those old cowboy movies where the settlers picked off Indians from behind their covered wagons. But the arrival of a raggle-taggle bunch of Hell's Angels (led by the film's make-up expert, Tom Savini) opens the floodgates for the zombies to return for their revenge. Romero's master stroke was in setting his movie in a shopping mall (actually the Monroeville Mall in Pittsburgh), because the horrors of the zombie attacks are even more potent when juxtaposed with the bland, bright, almost comically cheerful background. As far as I'm concerned, zombie movies don't come any better than this. Shame about the forehead on that helicopter zombie though...

DAWN OF THE MUMMY

89 minutes. Harmony Gold. American/Italian/Egyptian.
Directed by Frank Agrama. Starring Brenda King, Barry Sattels, George Peck.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●●○

This isn't at all like the old *Mummy* movies that Universal and Hammer used to produce. In fact it's a Romeroesque gore flick featuring zombie-type mummies tucking into meals of human entrails. The familiar storyline kicks off with close-ups of human organs being removed for an Egyptian burial (circa 3000 BC), then moves forward to the present day, where a bunch of brainless American models arrive to shoot a photo-spread for a New York fashion magazine. After three graverobbers desecrate the tomb, the zombie mummies pour forth to get stuck in, and the film turns into a *Dawn Of The Dead* style splatterfest (effects by Marizio Trani). Very gruesome in the original uncut version, the film was begun by Armand Weston, but producer Frank Agrama took over direction chores after the two had a "creative" disagreement. Easily the most gory *Mummy* movie of all time!



DAY OF THE DEAD

102 minutes. Laurel Productions. USA, 1985.
Directed by George Romero. Starring Lori Cardille, Terry Alexander, Joe Pilato.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●●●



It has to be said that the third installment of Romero's zombie trilogy doesn't live up to the quality of its predecessors. Blame that on financial problems that brought the budget down at the last minute and forced gory George to compromise his apocalyptic vision. On the other hand, it's still a pretty impressive horror yarn, and contains a number of images that stick in the memory - notably somebody being pulled apart by zombies while screaming "Choke on 'em!" as they tuck into his steaming entrails. The flesh-eating "ghouls" of Night and Dawn have now well and truly taken over, outnumbering humans 400,000 to 1. The last survivors gather in an underground silo, where scientists and military bicker among each other until the zombies finally break in and scoff them alive. In a nice plot touch, one of the boffins has managed to train a zombie named "Bub" (Howard Sherman) to read Stephen King books and listen to a Sony Walkman. But not enough is made of this in the hurried conclusion. Lori Cardille is a resourceful heroine in the Jane Fonda mould, and Joe Pilato is suitably psychotic and hateful as the mad military leader. The rest of the characters are the worst sort of stereotypes, and with the absence of a decent plot people seem to spend an awful lot of time shouting obsceni-

ties at each other before we get to the gory action in the second half. Tom Savini's effects are truly stomach churning.

DEAD PIT, THE

90 minutes. Imperial Entertainment. America. 1989.
Directed by Brett Leonard. Starring Jeremy Slate, Danny Gochnauer, Steffen Gregory Foster.
Available on video from Colourbox.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●○○

This good, old-fashioned zombie flick (somewhat in the mould of *Re-Animator*) kicks off in the basement of the State Mental Asylum, where the once-brilliant Dr. Ramzi has gone completely off his trolley and started cutting bits of the brains out of loonies and performing fiendish death rituals. Another doctor (played by Jeremy Slate, grizzled veteran of many a 60s biker flick) stumbles in on his grisly handiwork, and after a fierce fight he kills Ramzi and seals up the cellar forever - or so he thinks. Twenty years later, the asylum is rocked by an earthquake, which opens up the cellar and allows the living dead Ramzi and his zombie army to get loose and totter round the place killing people. Though the low budget shows through, and the ghouls look like refugees from the colourised version of *Night Of The Living Dead,* this is generally quite a lively and enjoyable effort with some notable gore set pieces. Intriguingly, though the zombies are created by science, it takes holy water to destroy them.



DEAD HEAT

86 minutes. New World. America. 1988.
Directed by Mark Goldblatt. Starring Joe Piscopo, Treat Williams, Lindsay Frost.
Previously available on video from New World.
Film Quality: ●●○○○
Gore Content: ●●●●●

Some fairly disgusting gore enlivens this oddball, not entirely successful black comedy about a zombie cop on the trail of some zombie crims! Treat Williams and Joe Piscopo play two detectives who are trying to find out why a rash of crimes are being committed by supposedly dead people. Their investigations uncover a resurrection machine at a local chemical and drug company, and Williams is murdered. But Piscopo uses the machine to revive his buddy and they now have 12 hours to get their own back on the baddies before Williams dissolves into a puddle of goo. In the films most original scene an entire butchers shop comes to life (including the carcass of a cow) to attack our heroes. There's a nice cameo by the late Vincent Price, but he's not on screen for long enough. A good idea wasted.

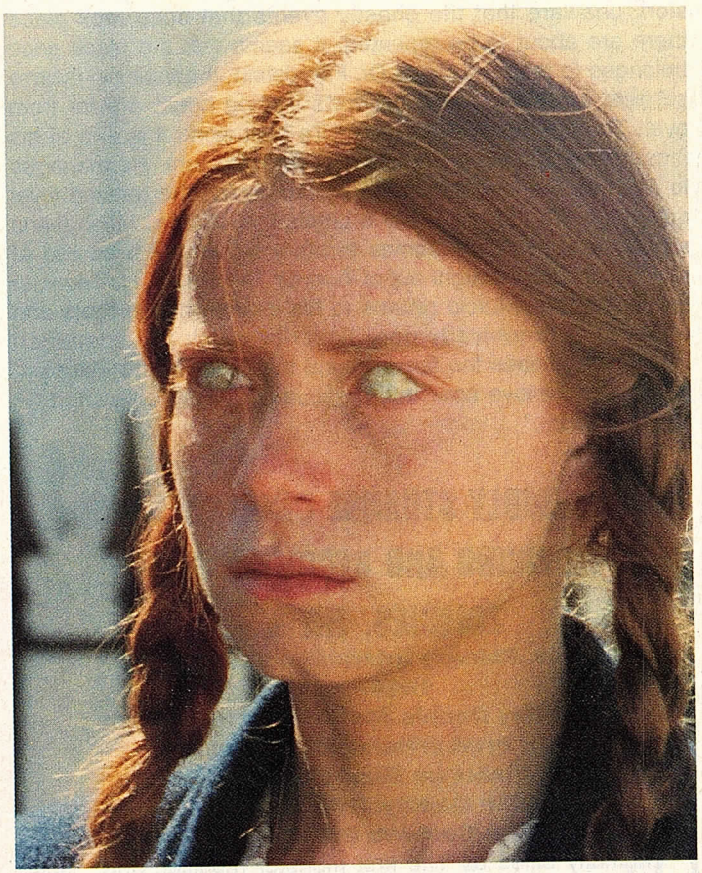
EVIL DEAD, THE

86 minutes. Renaissance Pictures. USA. 1982.
Available in the UK in 82 minute cut form only.
Directed by Sam Raimi. Starring Bruce Campbell, Ellen Sandelweiss, Betsy Baker.
Film Quality: ●●●●○
Gore Content: ●●●●○

Filmed on a very thin shoestring by a talented bunch of youngsters (director Raimi was only 21), this notorious horror classic has a gang of clean-cut college kids holidaying in a remote rural shanty and becoming possessed by demons that come out of the woods and turn them into bloodlusting zombies. Interestingly, it's the girls in the group who turn nasty first. The only way that that the others can get rid of them is to chop them up into little pieces - and then the pieces keep twitching! The special effects (by Tom Sullivan) are far from realistic, but what keeps this rollercoaster ride on the rails is the kinetic force of Raimi's direction, his fluid camera forever hurtling through the undergrowth to give us a demon's eye view of the proceedings. It's hard to see why this was labelled a "nasty" though - it's a fantasy pure and simple.

EVIL DEAD 2 - DEAD BY DAWN

85 minutes. Renaissance/Rosebud Pictures. USA. 1987.
Directed by Sam Raimi. Starring Bruce Campbell, Sarah Berry, Dan Hicks.



Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●○○○

Sam Raimi strikes again with a manic and very funny followup to his earlier horror hit. As in the first Evil Dead film, Sam pulls out all the stops and uses more or less every cinematic trick in the book to deliver what is really more of a remake than a sequel. Made on a decent budget, the film opens with Bruce Campbell venturing out to a lonely cabin in the woods for a romantic weekend with his girlfriend Denise Bixler. He discovers a tape recorder left behind by the former owner, an archaeologist. Unwisely playing this awakens an evil force lurking in the woods that rushes into the house and possesses Bixler, who Bruce then has to decapitate with an axe! From there on the narrative proceeds at a frantic pace with more youngsters arriving and being turned into zombies, and Campbell chain-

sawing off his own hand when it becomes demonically possessed! Viewed as a breathless celebration of the possibilities of cinema Evil Dead 2 is a triumph. What ultimately lets it down is its relentlessly jokey approach - Sam was obviously troubled at the hostile reception the first film met in some quarters and didn't want to risk the same thing again. The third *Evil Dead* movie, the disappointingly spoofy *Army Of Darkness* doesn't really belong in this survey!

HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY

86 minutes. Fulvia Film. Italy. 1981.
Available heavily cut from VIPCO.
Directed by Lucio Fulci. Starring Katherine MacColl, Giovanni de Nava.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●●○

Another minor classic from the prolific Fulci, this grisly effort opens with a couple of bloodthirsty slayings, one of which involves a young girl getting a spear through the back of her head. This is obviously just to let you know right from the start that Lucio and his talented regular make-up man Giannetto de Rossi don't mess about! Fulci regular Katherine MacColl (an English actress) appears here as Lucy, who with young son Norman and hubby Bob rents a foreboding New England mansion, unaware that the ghastly events that once took place there are about to be repeated. It seems that the place once belonged to the mysterious Dr. Freudstein, a dabbler in bizarre surgical practices - and the doc's visiting hours are far from over. Though this is far from Fulci's best work, it is one of his most ambitious movies in terms of plot structure. He manages to mix pat, present and future while keeping the tension level quite high. The film is really a gothic melodrama, which leans slightly toward Henry James territory by way of a couple of psychic children straight out of *Turn Of The Screw.* However, in the later scenes Lucio returns to his charnel house roots and provides a graphically gory finish in which the zombified Freudstein chases the family round the cellar of the mansion. It's hard to believe now, but *The Sunday Times* called this "A stylish chiller..."

INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED-UP ZOMBIES, THE

82 minutes. Fairway International. America. 1964.
Directed by Ray Dennis Steckler. Starring Cash Flagg, Brett O'Hara, Atlas King.
Available on Mondo Video.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●○○○

Originally billed as The first monster musical, and also known as *Teenage Psycho Meets Bloody Mary*, this 1964 classic is a tour-de-force for Ray Dennis Steckler, who not only produced and directed, but also stars in it under his regular pseudonym of Cash Flagg. At a Long Beach amusement park, the mysterious Madame Estrella the gypsy fortune teller hypnotises patrons, throws acid in their faces and bungs the victims in a cage in the cellar of her tent (!) She is helped in her evil handiwork by Ortega the hunchback and Carmelita the stripper (who is played by Carolyn Brandt, the directors wife). The plot thickens into a sort of congealed lump when Cash Flagg arrives on the scene and is promptly turned into a zombie in a hooded sweat shirt. The incredible finale sees the monsters breaking loose to take revenge and menace the dancing girls until the cops arrive to put a damper on things. When this daft movie was first issued, the makers came up with a daft way of promoting it: actors wearing Cash Flagg or zombie masks crashed out of the scene to invade the audience and abduct girls from their seats! Even without such demented showmanship the movie is still as much fun as the title sounds.

I WAS A TEENAGE ZOMBIE

85 minutes. Horizon. America. 1987.
Directed by John Elias Mechalakis. Starring Michael Ruben, George Seminara, Steve McCoy.
Film Quality: ●●○○○
Gore Content: ●●○○○

You cant turn the clock back, and this ultra-cheap attempt to recapture the spirit of 50s monster movies is totally lacking in the innocent qualities that made those golden oldies great. Mind you, you know that you're in for a lowbrow time when a movie goes out of its way at the start to pay tribute to Troma boss Lloyd Kaufman, actually naming a nuclear plant after him! The plot has a radioactive leak from said power plant turning some over-age high school kids into zombies, after which they do battle with an irradiated zombie drug dealer who won't take no for an answer. Plus points include one very good face-ripping scene and a strong rock soundtrack, but the bad points of this amateur opus are too numerous to mention. The film was shot on 16mm and has so far not been released in the UK. Lucky us!

KING OF THE ZOMBIES

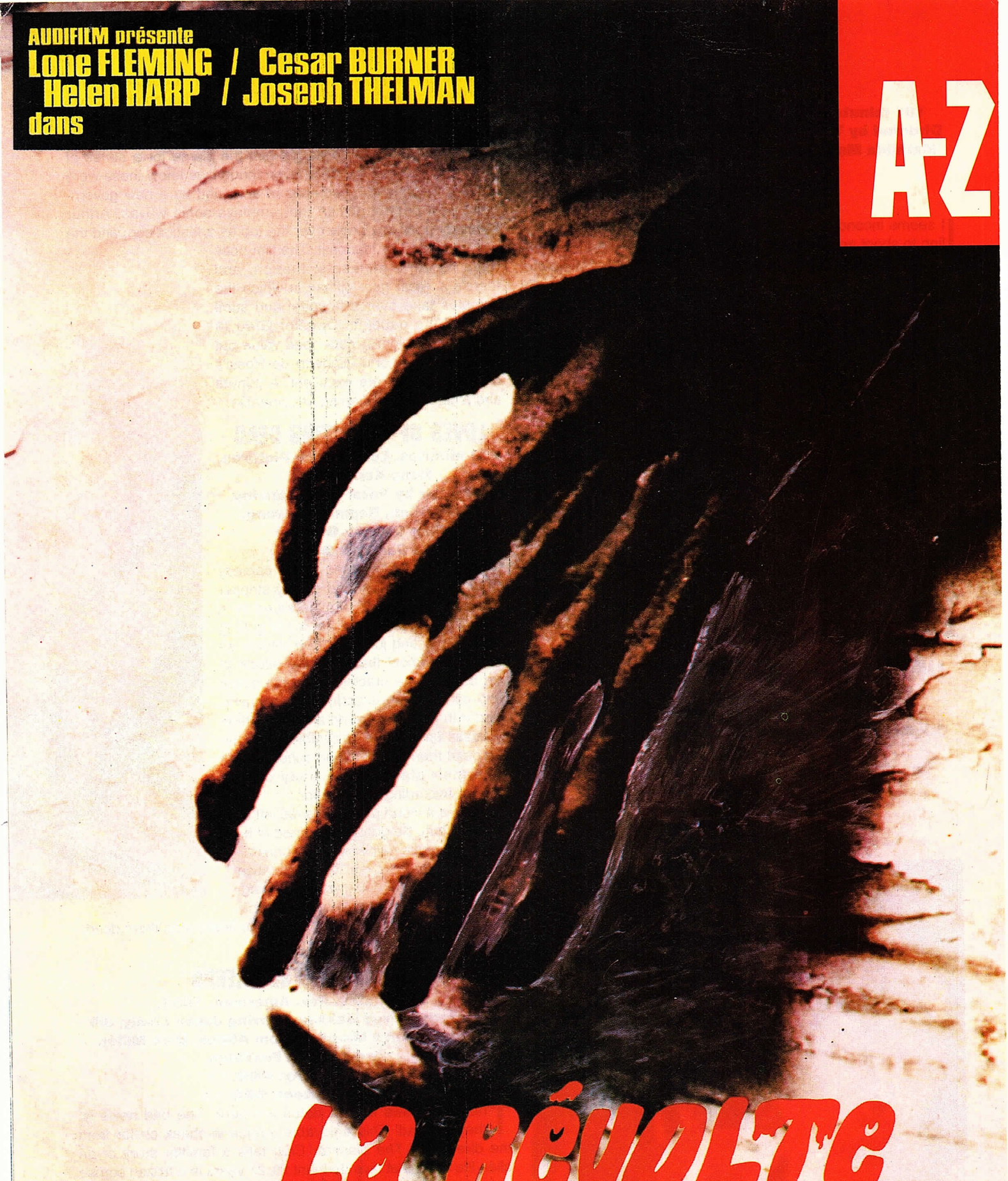
67 minutes. Monogram. America. 1941.
Directed by Jean Yarbrough. Starring Dick Purcell, Joan Woodbury, Mantan Moreland.
Film Quality: ●○○○○
Gore Content: ●○○○○

Henry Victor (who he?) plays a misguided scientist who creates an army of zombies on a remote island in this tedious Monogram quickie. The idea is that he will use his blank-faced creations to overthrow the local government and hand the place over to a foreign power. Fortunately the heroic Dick Purcell is on hand to make things safe for democracy and protect the helpless Joan Woodbury from Victor's lecherous advances. Mantan Moreland provides dated comedy relief, and the film is flatly directed by the notoriously awful Yarbrough.



AUDIFILM présente
Lone FLEMING / Cesar BURNER
Helen HARP / Joseph THELMAN
dans

A-Z



La révolte des morts-vivants

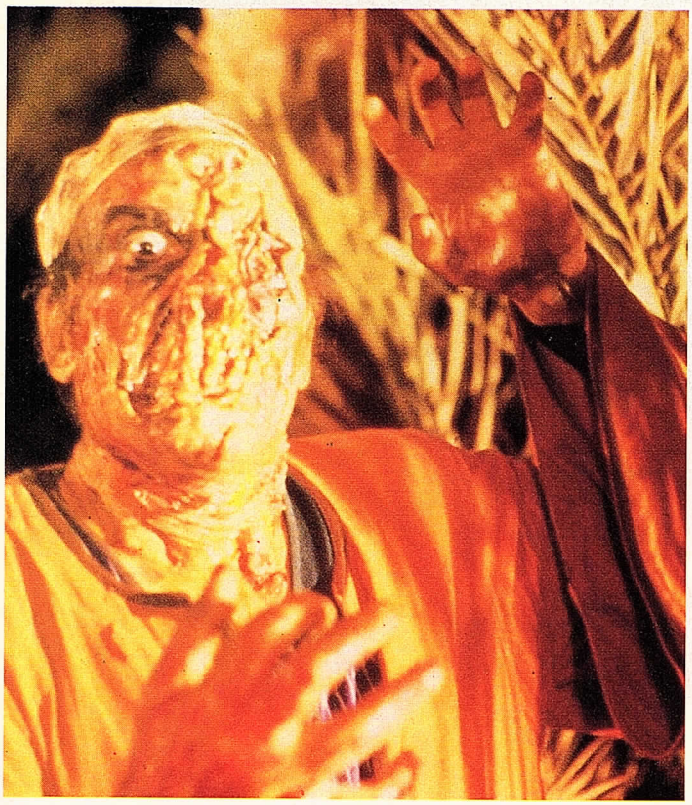
LIFEFORCE

101 minutes. Cannon. England/America. 1985. Directed by Tobe Hooper. Starring Steve Railsback, Mathilda May and Frank Finlay. Available on Guild Home Video.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content:: ●●●○○

It seems inconceivable that anyone would front up $22.5 million to shoot an elaborate update of *Quatermass And The Pit*, but that's exactly what Cannon did with this incredibly awful (but highly entertaining) science fiction shocker. Supposedly based on Colin Wilson's *Space Vampires* (pull the other one), its the story of a bunch of astronauts who discover seemingly human remains in the vicinity of Halleys Comet and attempt to bring home three perfectly preserved specimens. The astronauts don't make it back, but the humanoids do, and one of their number (the very fetching Mathilda May - later to achieve fame on the art circuit in *Naked Tango*) wakes up and goes nude walkabout in London! The seductive space girl has the ability to deliver one hell of a serious snog to anyone who crosses her path, turning them into shrivelled up vampire zombies, who must do the same to somebody else to get their lifeforce back. Before long the whole of London is over-run by zombies, supercool government agent Peter Firth is slapping a D notice on the situation, and the surviving astronaut hero Steve Railsback tracks down the gorgeous May for the bonking session of a lifetime. The effects are brilliant, the story is a hoot. It's great fun to hear fine actors like Finlay delivering really dumb dialogue - his exit scene is a classic. Henry Mancini wrote the music - its a long way from *Moon River*!

LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE

93 minutes. Star Films/Flaminia Productions. Italian/Spanish. 1974.
Originally released on video in the UK by European Creative Video.
Directed by Jorge Grau. Starring Ray Lovelock, Christine Galbo, Arthur Kennedy.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●●○



Originally released cut in UK cinemas on a double bill with Pete Walker's Frightmare, this early Italian zombie movie was actually shot amid the scenic splendour of our own Lake District. The hero of the film (Ray Lovelock) is a bearded art dealer whose "hippy" looks get him the blame for a series of brutal cannibalistic murders, even though we know these were actually committed by corpses re-animated by a new government pest control device that employs sonic waves. Arthur Kennedy goes laughably over the top as a fascist cop, and the plot is daft to say the least. The film does have its eerie moments, though, and there's a great gory climax in which the zombies take over a hospital and scoff most of the patients. Director Grau (a pupil of Antonioni's) gets good value out of the scenery, and Gianetto de Rossi's make-up effects are excellent. A minute and a half was trimmed for UK cinemas.



LOVES OF THE LIVING DEAD

110 minutes. Long Shong Pictures. Hong Kong. 1986.
Directed by Peter Mak. Starring Chris Chen, Raymond Hwang.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●○○○

A little-seen Hong Kong horror comedy which centres around a sexy stripper named Pinkie Red, who is killed in a night club fire just when her act is getting to an interesting juncture. She returns as an alluring ghost thanks to the efforts of her boyfriend, a practitioner of the occult who conducts an experiment in a graveyard with a spirit machine and accidentally raises up a horde of zombies. The living dead then set off to find substitutes to take their place so that they can be reborn. According to the script:
A ghost is a cloud of radio waves left by a dead person. So ghosts are afraid of hair dryers because hair dryers can blow away their radio waves. These Chinese zoms have an intriguing way of moving around - in little magical hops - and it takes the power of a magical symbol to finally stop them dead in their tracks.

NIGHT OF THE CREEPS

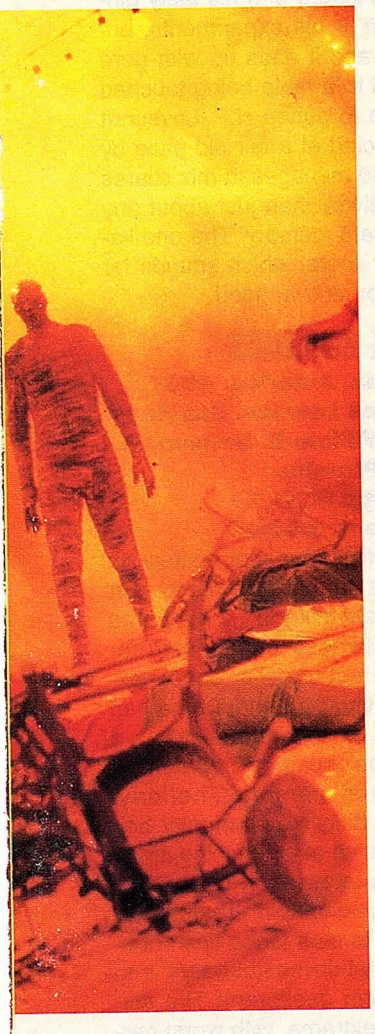
90 minutes. Fox. American. 1986.
Directed by Fred Dekker. Starring Jason Lively, Jill Whitlow, Steve Marshall, Tom Atkins, Dick Miller.
Available on FoxVideo.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●○○

The good news is your dates are here. The bad news is: they're dead! This enjoyable tongue-in-cheek chiller from the director of *The Monster Club* tells a familiar story of an alien life force that lays dormant for 27 years in a frozen corpse in a university laboratory before being thawed into murderous undead life by a student prank. The aliens take the shape of *Shivers*-type slugs, who leap into peoples mouths and turn them into bloodlusting zombies. In the end the hero and heroine (Lively and Whitlow) slug it out with a small army of their zombified schoolmates while the make-up folk have a field day showing exploding heads, burned bodies and graphic axe killings. Stylishly done on a decent budget, this will please all but the most jaded of gore buffs.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

96 minutes. Image Ten. USA. 1968.
Directed by George Romero. Starring Duane Jones, Judith O'Dea.
Film Quality: ●●●●●
Gore Content: ●●●○○

"They won't stay dead!" screamed the publicity blurb for this seminal 60s classic. This is the movie that made horror superstars out of those shambling, glassy-eyed creatures we fondly like to refer to as zombies (in the picture they are known as "ghouls"). Shot in grainy black and white on a shoestring budget, it's nevertheless one of the most gripping horror movies you are ever likely to sit through. The story concerns a bunch of people trapped in a remote farmhouse by hordes of rampaging living dead creatures. The excuse for this mass graveyard exodus is supposedly contained in the frantic news bulletins that the people in the farmhouse watch on television - mention is made of a space probe that has returned from Venus carrying a mysterious high-level radiation. But writer/director Romero sweeps this into the background an concentrates on seat-gripping action and suspense as our heroes try to avoid becoming "Dish Of The Day" on the zombie menu. Not to be missed by any self-respecting horror fan.



NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

89 minutes. Columbia/21st Century.
Directed by Tom Savini. Starring Tony Todd, Patricia Tallman, Tom Towles.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●○○

Tom Savini's colour remake of the Romero classic sticks so faithfully to the original that most genre audiences will wonder why Savini (or Romero, who scripted) bothered to tackle it. The movie opens with the familiar refrain, "They're coming to get you, Barbara..." this time spoken by Bill Mosely's Johnny, needling his sister (Patricia Tallman) as they visit their mother's grave in a rural Pennsylvania cemetery. After the joke gruesomely backfires on him, Barbara takes refuge from the sudden plague of "ghouls" in an abandoned farmhouse. Here we get the first new wrinkle: rather than fall into a catatonic trance for the rest of the picture, Barbara turns out to be a resourceful Sigourney Weaver type, joining forces with the film's black hero (played by *Candyman* Tony Todd) to wipe out zombies en-masse. Otherwise it's much the mixture as before, and in the end the living dead prove less of a threat than the redneck gangs prowling the countryside, and the power struggle within the farmhouse between Ben and slimy, bigoted Harry Cooper (played by Tom Towles of *Henry*). Though entertaining and well made, it has to be said that this remake isn't a patch on the original. It's all rather predictable, and Savini's approach to the special effects is annoyingly restrained considering his ground-breaking work on *Dawn* and *Day.*

OASIS OF THE ZOMBIES

90 minutes. Eurocine. France. 1981.
Directed by A.M. Frank (Jess Franco).
Starring Manuel Gelin, France Jordan, Jeff Montgomery.
Film Quality: ●○○○○
Gore Content: ●●○○○

A bunch of scantily-clad Eurobabes turn up at a remote desert oasis, where they start poking around in the sand in search of gold - as one does. Instead they unearth a skull, a Nazi swastika and some rusty rifles. Suddenly a gang of



mouldy old Nazi zoms (with bulging eyes and pasty faces) arrive on the scene and drag them to their deaths. That will teach the girls not to play in their sand pit! The film then flashes back to the same site during WW2 (and what looks suspiciously like grainy stock footage from some anonymous continental war epic). Eventually we get back to the present day again, where some teens show up to take their clothes off and spout a few lines of inane and badly dubbed dialogue before being chased around by the Nazi zombies too. This boring, ineffectual Jess Franco clinker was also released as *Bloodsucking Nazi Zombies*, but under any title it's a real stinker.

PESTICIDE

90 minutes. Les Films/Rush Productions. France. 1982.
Directed by Jean Rollin. Starring Marie-Georges Pascall, Serge Marquand and Patricia Cartier.
Film Quality: ●○○○○
Gore Content: ●●●○○

A typically dull (but sexy) zombie flick from the auteur who brought us *Zombie Lake*. This obscure movie stars the beautiful Pascall as a woman on holiday in the South of France who stumbles into a dreamlike scenario. First she is assaulted in a deserted railway carriage by a decomposing corpse. Then

she comes across a village that appears to be populated by hordes of the unsavoury-looking creatures. It transpires that the local vineyards have been sprayed with a toxic pesticide, turning whoever drinks the wine into zombie flesh-eaters. It's a potentially exciting plot, but Rollins direction is as flabby as a fifteen-stone couch potato, and you could hardly call this a gripping movie, even though some of the special effects are surprisingly effective - with heads being cut off and one particularly brutal pitchfork scene. Aka GRAPES OF THE DEAD, it seems to have been inspired by THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE. Watch this and you'll be inspired to go to sleep!

RAIDERS OF THE LIVING DEAD

80 minutes. Independent International. America.



1985.
Directed by Samuel S. Sherman. Starring Scott Schwartz, Robert Deveau, and Doanna Asali.
Film Quality: ●○○○○
Gore Content: ●○○○○

Actress Zita Johann (heroine of *The Mummy*) came out of a 50-year retirement to play a cameo role in this $250,000 wonder from Al Adamsons old buddy, Sam Sherman. She should have stayed at home. The confused plot has something to do with a prison doctor turned coroner who decides - for no discernible reason - to create an army of zombies in an old abandoned prison. An investigative reporter, his girlfriend, and a couple of kids stumble across the creatures and fight them off with homemade laser guns that look like they may have been put together with toilet rolls and silver paper. As for the zombies, well they have bald heads and skull-like faces, like anorexic versions of Telly Savalas. Crap seems too mild a world for this.

RE-ANIMATOR

86 minutes. Empire. America. 1985.
Directed by Stuart Gordon. Starring Jeffrey Combs, Bruce Abbott and Barbara Crampton.
Available on Entertainment In Video.
Film Quality: ●●●●○
Gore Content: ●●●●○

This modern-day horror classic focuses on some very grisly fun and games down at the Miskatonic Morgue, Massachusetts, where precocious boffin student Herbert West (Combs) is testing out the serum he has devised that will bring dead bodies back to kicking, screaming life. He recruits fellow medical student Daniel Kane (Bruce Abbott) and his tasty girlfriend Barbara Crampton to help him in his experiments, but things get out of hand pretty quickly and it ends up with gore galore and Crampton strapped naked to a table being touched up by a headless lecher! Based on a forgotten H.P. Lovecraft short story, this crazy gorefest is directed at a fair old pace by the talented Gordon and manages to mix scares and laughs more effectively than just about any other horror flick of recent memory. The one liability is Richard Bands score, which sounds far too much like *Psycho* for its own good.

REDNECK ZOMBIES

89 minutes. Troma. America. 1987.
Directed by Pericles Lewnes. Starring Lisa M. Dehaven, William E. Benson, P. Floyd Piranha.
Film Quality: ●○○○○
Gore Content: ●●●●○

This low-budget gorefest was shot entirely on video, probably on a normal VHS camcorder if the picture quality is anything to go by. Some Maryland horror fans (whose enthusiasm far outweighed their talent) got together one weekend to make this spoof shocker, and Troma had the nerve to release it. The skimpy plot has a group of comical city types heading into redneck country for a weekend camping holiday, unaware that the local hillbilly community has been swigging back a batch of moonshine made from a barrel of toxic waste, which turns them into tobacco-chewin, gut-chompin creatures of the night. The only way to stop these flesh-hungry ghouls apart from total dismemberment is to spray them with underarm deodorant! The acting is amateurish in the extreme, with worst performance honours going to the director Pericle Lewnes, who appears to bad effect as the confused zombie-to-be Billie Bob/Ellie May. The film features the first zomboid baby on record, and one of those scenes you always wanted to see in a zombie movie, where a potential victim pretends to be a glassy-eyed zombie to prevent being eaten! The gore is extreme, though not that convincing, and includes people being torn in half at the waist, plus lots of eyeball gougings and decapitations - you name it and it's in here. What the heck - it may be dumb, but it's certainly eventful.

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD

91 minutes. Hemdale/Fox. American. 1985.
Directed by Dan O'Bannon. Starring Clu Gulager, James Karen, Don Calfa.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●●○

One of the most consistently interesting of genre talents, Dan O'Bannon worked on the screenplays for such hits as *Alien, Blue Thunder* and *Dead And Buried* before making his directorial debut with this grisly spoof version of *Night Of The Living Dead*. Set mostly in a medical supply house owned by Gulager and run by Karen, the film details the events of a night when experimental nerve gas pioneered by the military escapes

JF Films

Los muertos salen de su tumba...
para revivir entre nosotros!!

IAN MC CULLOCH
ALEXANDRA DELLI COLLI
SHERRY BUCHANAN
en

A-Z



CLASIFICADA "S"

ZOMBI HOLOCAUSTO

con PETER O'NEAL y la participación de DONALD O'BRIEN

DIRECTOR FRANK MARTIN

TECHNICOLOR



and brings the dead back to life. Once they're up and about they acquire a lusty appetite for human brains, and these living dead can't be stopped by a blow to the head: like Sam Raimi's *Evil Dead* they have to be literally chopped to pieces - and even then the pieces keep twitching. The whole movie is played for laughs, with a pseudo-hip sense of humour that satirises everything from suburban punks to the military, while delivering some legitimate chills along the way. Among the more amusing of the movie's ideas is the fact that Karen and Matthews don't even realise at first that they have been turned into zombies. The effects are often brilliantly macabre: the *Tarman* is particularly outstanding, as is the half-a-woman corpse that moves and talks while on the morgue table. Scream queen Linnea Quigley gets her first decent *exposure* here as a death-obsessed punk who wanders half naked among the gravestones and fantasises about being bitten to death by old men - strange girl! The excellent soundtrack features bands like The Flesheaters, The Cramps and The Damned.

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD PART II

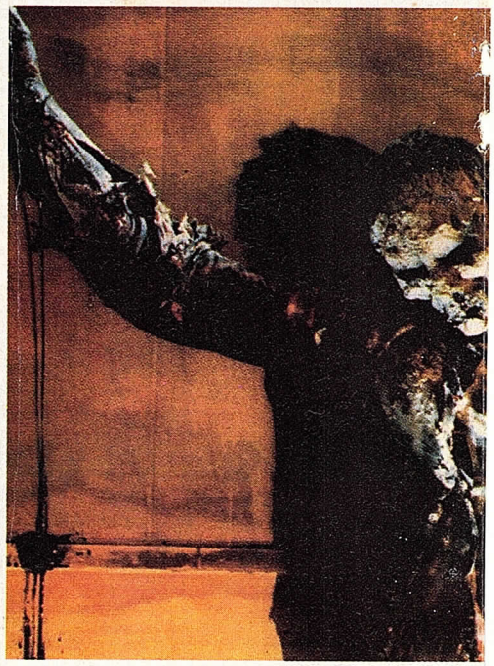
89 minutes. Greenfox/Lorimar. USA. 1988.
Directed by Ken Wiederhorn. Starring Jesse Wilson, Jason Hogan, James Karen.
Film Quality: ●●○○○
Gore Content: ●●●○○

Burdened with one of the most unwieldy titles in recent horror, this movie is more a remake of the 1985 horror hit than a followup - understandable when you consider the fact that the original ended with the annihilation of the entire cast! Maintaining the same vein of goofy black humour, the sequel begins as a military transporter accidentally spills one of those nasty canisters containing rotting corpses. It rolls down an embankment and into a creek, where it is discovered by a trio of youngsters. Two of the kids open the canister and a strange, green gas is emitted. Meanwhile, in a nearby cemetery, two hapless graverobbers (James Karen and Thom Matthews, the only original cast members to return) are raiding a crypt for human skulls. The mist from the container seeps into the cemetery, causing the pair to be surrounded by dozens of reanimated corpses, seemingly interred during a variety of historical periods. They manage to escape, but then realise that, as in the first film, they too have been turned into zombies. The movie climaxes with the human heroes coming up with a plan to lure the brain-eating creatures to a power plant and turn on the juice. The gore effects are good, particularly a scene where a zombie has its legs separated from its torso, but the legs continue to walk around on their own, bumping into walls like a clockwork toy. The humour here is extremely juvenile, and as a whole the film lacks the inventiveness of the original. Though not separately listed here (because we discussed it in detail a couple of issues back) *Return Of The Living Dead Part III* was released recently and proved to be a pleasant surprise, abandoning the spoofy tone of its predecessors for a *Romeo And Juliet* type romance where Juliet is a zombie!

REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES

61 minutes. Monogram. America. 1943.
Directed by Steve Sekely. Starring John Carradine, Robert Lowery and Gale Storm.
Film Quality: ●●○○○
Gore Content: ●○○○○

The Hungarian director of *Day Of The Triffids* (whose real name was Istvan Szekely) came to America in the 40s to make this enjoyable but distinctly minor Monogram quickie which features some pretty tacky-looking zoms with flour on their face. Gaunt John Carradine is up to his usual tricks, playing a Louisiana-based mad Nazi scientist making a race of fifth columnist zombies to spread chaos in wartime USA. Little does he realise that one of his lab assistants is an undercover FBI agent, nor that his wife - who has been turned into a zombie herself - will eventually lead the underpaid walking dead in a revolt against their master. It was a sequel of sorts to *King Of The Zombies,* which coincidentally was also a load of rubbish.



REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES

88 minutes. W.W. Entertainment. Hong Kong. 1981.
Directed by Ho Meng-Hua. Starring Ti Lung, Tanny, Lo Lien and Lily Li.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●●○

Also known as *Black Magic II*, this very strange black-magic chiller is a real find for fans of wild, way out gore. Set in Hong Kong, the story tells of a sorcerer who drinks human milk to stay eternally young - try buying *THAT* at Safeways! To keep a goodly supply of the stuff on tap he animates an army of zombies by hammering spikes through the tops of their heads. When the spike is removed, the zombie dissolves into a puddle of goo. The helter-skelter plot also throws in some well-choreographed martial arts action, lots of cannibal gut-crunching, and some fairly explicit sex. It certainly proves that not everything made in Hong Kong is cheap and cheerful!

REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES

65 minutes. Academy. America. 1936.
Directed by Victor Halperin. Starring Dorothy Stone, Dean Jagger, Roy D'Arcy.
Film Quality: ●○○○○
Gore Content: ●○○○○

A pretty good idea is turned into a cornball story, with a bunch of zombies (non-flesh-eating variety) running around looking as menacing as a baby in a carriage. The French have supposedly developed a secret regiment of zombie fighters, and when WW1 ends, the government orders that all remaining zombies be destroyed. Stuffed shirt General George Cleveland is in charge of the mission, but Jagger creates a problem when he discovers the secret of raising the dead and

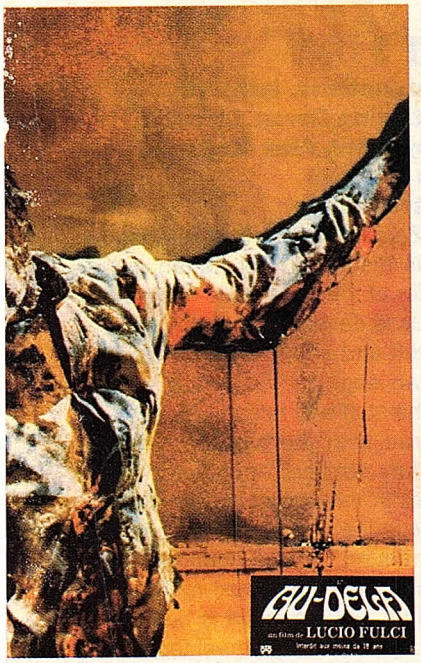
uses it to get his own back on Clevelands daughter (Stone), who has spurned his amorous advances. Of course things go wrong, and he ends up getting killed - in a discreet fashion - by the out-of-control zombies. The performances are so bad that its hard to tell who the zombies are in this one. This was the Halperin Brothers follow-up film to their hugely successful *White Zombie* (1932), and they included a few stock shots of Lugosi's glowering eyes taken from their earlier hit. Audiences weren't fooled, and it was a major flop.

SUPERNATURALS, THE

85 minutes. Republic Entertainment International. America. 1986. Directed by Armand Mastroianni. Starring Maxwell Caulfield, Nichelle Nichols, Talia Balsam.

Film Quality: ●○○○○

Gore Content: ●○○○○



The most horrifying thing about this boring zombie opus is the sight of how chubby Nichelle Nichols (*Star Trek*'s Lt. Uhura) has become over the years. The poorly developed plotline mixes *Southern Comfort* with *2000 Maniacs* to come up with a pathetic yarn of a platoon of new Army recruits on a survival mission in the backwoods of Alabama who begin dying mysteriously, one by one. It turns out that they have made the mistake of camping on a confederate burial ground, and the walking dead of the civil war are out to teach those yankees where to stick their tent poles! The zombie make-up is awful, and the movie as a whole has a home movie look about it, even though it was made on quite a decent budget. Even the least demanding of zombie movie buffs will be tempted to cry,
Beam me up, Mr. Scott!

TERROR CREATURES FROM THE GRAVE

85 minutes. Pacemaker. Italy. 1966. Directed by Ralph Zucker (Massimo Pupillo). Starring Barbara Steele, Walter Brandt, Marilyn Mitchell.

Film Quality: ●●●○○

Gore Content: ●●○○○

The director of *The Bloody Pit Of Horror* made his debut with this intriguing and frequently very atmospheric Barbara Steele spooker, which is well worth tracking down if you're a fan of pictures like *Black Sunday.* Barbaric Babs is the seductively sinister Cleo Hauff, who has been instrumental in murdering her occult-practitioner hubby. Though he's dropped off the twig, even in death he uses his powers to summon up a zombie army of plague victims to put the squeeze on his wicked widow. It certainly makes a change to see Steele on the receiving end of ghostly vengeance rather than doling it out. The zombies here are of a very spooky sort, wheeling plague carts along cobbled streets at night. In another great scene, their severed hands start writhing in a glass cabinet. In the end the zombies are destroyed by pure rainwater. The haunting music score (by Aldo Piga) adds a lot to the effectiveness of the film.

ZOMBIE BRIGADE

90 minutes. Smart Egg. Australia. 1988. Directed by Barrie Pattison and Carmelo Musca. Starring John Moore, Khym Lam, Geoff Gibbs.

Film Quality: ●○○○○

Gore Content: ●○○○○

I saw this obscure Aussie chiller under the strangest of circumstances. A few years back I got a call from Medusa, who were going to release it on video in the UK. They said the director was in town for the weekend and asked if I'd like to interview him. It turned out that he was an old Gothique Film Society acquaintance, Barrie Pattison (author of the excellent vampire movie book, *The Seal Of Dracula*), and was staying with a friend no more than two miles down the road from me! I picked him up and we had the premiere of his movie - which even *he* had not fully seen yet - on the big screen telly in my living room. Barrie is a clever guy and a devoted genre fan, and I'd love to have been able to say this was a great movie. Alas it was not. In fact its one of the most boring zombie flicks I've ever seen. The story is set in a small town on the Australian outback, where a greedy mayor tries to persuade investors to build a *Robotman* theme park. First he has to demolish a local monument to Aussie Vietnam vets, and when this is blown up a horde of zombie soldiers turn up seeking revenge. Peace is eventually restored after an aboriginal witch doctor uses tribal magic to call up the spirits of WW2 veterans to do battle with the Vietnam ghouls. This is very much a case of a good idea gone badly wrong. It's quite well acted and capably directed, but the zombies themselves look pathetic, and there's hardly any gore in sight. Medusa must have thought the same as me, because they declined to release the film in this country. Sorry Barrie, but better luck next time...

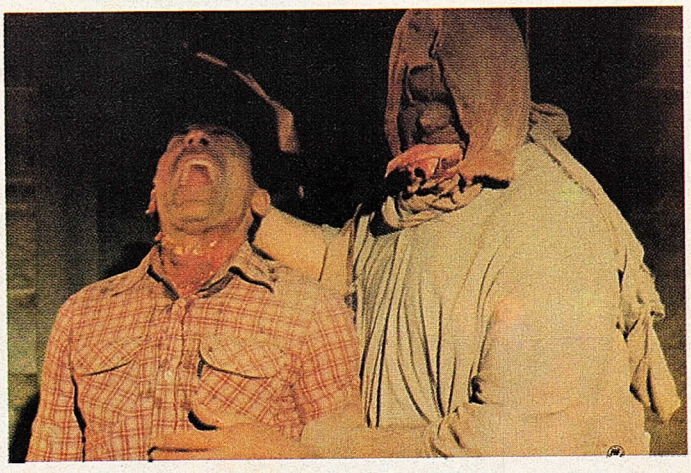
ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH

99 minutes. Beatrice Films/Dara. Italy. 1981. Directed by Vincent Dawn (Bruno Mattei). Starring Margit Evelyn Newton, Robert O'Neil, Frank Garfield (Franco Giraldi).

Film Quality: ●●○○○

Gore Content: ●●●○○

Yet another sub-par Italian zombie movie which is blessed with the sort of dubbing that leaves characters' mouths flapping like stranded fish while their dialogue half-heartedly attempts to follow. The storyline depicts a world taken over by glassy-eyed creatures who like to amble up to people and take huge bites out of them while the soundtrack goes potty with unsynchronised slurping noises. Pretty reporter Margit Evelyn Newton tracks down the cause of this epidemic of bad acting to a chemical laboratory somewhere up the Amazon, encountering lots of zombies en-route. The apocalyptic ending apes Fulci's *Zombie Flesh Eaters*. It's interesting to note the opportunistic use of Third World troubles as nothing more than an



excuse for some extreme gore effects (not very well done by Guiseppe Ferranti). If you ever get to see an uncut version, check out the bit where a gal gets her eyeballs pulled out through her mouth! This film is chiefly memorable for having one of the great lines in zombie history; just after having survived a bloodsoaked pitched battle with the cannibalistic monsters, one of a group of soldiers turns to his morose chum and asks, "What's eating you today?"

ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS

98 minutes (cut to 93 for the UK).
Directed by Lucio Fulci. Starring Ian McCulloch, Tisa Farrow, Richard Johnson.
Film Quality: ●●●○○
Gore Content: ●●●●●

A group of unwary travellers weigh anchor on a remote tropical island and become unwilling snacks for an army of voodoo-animated living dead. We witness such sights as a girl's eye being popped by a wood splinter and zombies munching gleefully on human intestines. The plot is secondary to the amount of horrid detail that Fulci manages to cram into the movie, and it all has a ghastly fascination that keeps you watching in the same way as you might sneak a peek at a road accident. The film's most incredible moment comes early on, when the delicious Auretta Gay is menaced by an underwater zombie while enjoying a nude scuba-diving session, In a neat twist on *Jaws,* this Jacques Cousteau of the zombie world eventually ignores the toothsome Miss Gay to make a meal of a passing shark. Promoted as a sequel to George Romero's *Dawn Of The Dead*, this is memorable chiefly because of Giannetto de Rossi's amazing gore effects. It really is gut-wrenching at times, and Fulci's leisurely direction dwells lovingly on the revolting moments.

ZOMBIE HOLOCAUST

88 minutes. Fulvia Cinematografica/Gico Cinematografica. Italy. 1980.
Directed by Frank Martin (Marino Girolami)
Starring Ian McCulloch, Sherry Buchanen, Alexandra Delli Colli.
Film Quality: IIImm
Gore Content: ●●●●○

The discovery of a horribly mutilated corpse in the morgue of a New York medical centre prompts a philosophical bystander to observe: "We must have a psychopathic deviate in the hospital!" But don't worry. It's only another bunch of Italian zombies out for a free lunch. Scottish-born Ian McCulloch returns (fresh from his starring role in *Zombie Flesh Eaters*) to battle more greedy ghouls as the leader of an expedition to a remote tropical island where mad medico Donald O'Brien has been experimenting on the natives and has succeeded in creating a race of brain-transplanted zombies. Heroine Delli Colli gets captured by the cannibalistic locals who promptly strip her down and paint her all over. It all ends in a battle on cannibals against zombies, with a number of fairly intense gore scenes showing scalpings and bodies being eaten and ripped to bits. American audiences saw it as *Doctor Butcher MD* (Medical Deviate!) - and were given a free vomit bag!



ZOMBIE 3

87 minutes. Flora Film Productions. Italy. 1988.
Directed by Lucio Fulci. Starring Deran Serafian, Beatrice Ring, Richard Raymond, Alex McBride.
Film Quality: ●●○○○
Gore Content: ●●●●○

Not to be confused with the *Zombie 3* that was released here as *Night Of Terror,* this disappointing Italian gut-cruncher from the supposed master of the genre tells of a government research lab where a virus is developed called Death-1 Compound. One whiff of this stuff and you turn into a flesh-munching corpse with a hell of an appetite. So guess what happens? Yup. Some fool steals the stuff and releases it, causing the countryside to be overrun with the walking dead. Thereafter we see a trio of off-duty soldiers and three foxy females fighting for their lives against this shambling horde. If the plot sounds familiar, that's because you saw it before in *Zombie Creeping Flesh*. Ill-health forced Fulci to abandon the project after a weeks shooting, and it was completed by Bruno Mattei. Some of the gore is excellent, but the script is boringly predictable and doesn't even play by the rules of zombiedom - some of the zoms can talk, and you don't need to shoot them in the head to polish them off. It has never been released in the UK.

ZOMBIE 3

92 minutes. Esteban Cinematografica. Italy. 1980.
Directed by Andrea Bianchi. Starring Karin Weil, Maria Angela Giordan.
Film Quality: ●●○○○
Gore Content: ●●●●○

A grisly unofficial followup to *Zombie Flesh Eaters* which is designed to show off some very gory make-up effects by Giannetto de Rossi. The rotting undead rise from an old Etruscan tomb and gatecrash a weekend party at a remote mansion. Some of the guests get turned into human buffet, while the others escape to a monastery, where the carnage continues unabated. Among the stomach-churning highlights are a scene where a maid is pinned to a wall and then beheaded with a scythe, and there's a disgusting scene near the climax where one of the zombies (an odd-looking youngster who looks all of 50 years old!) chomps down on a female breast - supposedly his mum's! Extremely bloodthirsty, and the script carries an intriguing, if rather nasty undertone of sexual perversion.